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A short SERMON on MARRIAGE.

Addressed to young ladies under twenty, *and aged gentlemen upwards of an* hundred.

THAT marriage is an honourable ſtate and replete with bliſs, where a proper alliance is formed, none, I preſume, will pretend to controvert. Marriage is that myſtical union of ſoul and body which produces happineſs ſuperlatively great, and the baſis and ſupport of every conſtitution; *(by the word constitution I would not be understood to mean the habit and temperament of the body; but a state or government.)* Marriage is that wiſe inſtitution which affords us an opportunity of gratifying our moſt ardent paſſions in an honorable and laudable manner, and ſweetens every enjoyment and pleaſure this life can afford: but beware, ye old men, and ye young maids of being miſtaken; it is not every one who enters into the conjugal ſtate, that finds this delectable happineſs: no, that depends upon the diſpoſition of the objects themſelves, and in making a prudent choice, & forming a proper alliance.

By a prudent choice, I mean they who can diſcover in the object of their deſire, a ſimilarity of ſentiments and diſpoſition; who can raiſe and ſupport a paſſion, which has friendſhip and mutual love for its baſis, and is not built upon the weak foundation of an impetuous and tranſient imagination; and where there is not only an union of hands, but an union of ſouls, and a conſiſtent harmony of mental ideas: when this is the caſe, diſcord will keep at an awful diſtance, and an univerſal ſympathy, productive of an ineffable bliſs, will ever attend them; in proſperity they will ſmile on each other with mutual joy and ſatisfaction; and in the dire ſeaſon of adverſity their reciprocal ſympathetic looks and ſoothing tenderneſs, will tend to alleviate their affliction, and render their calamities ſupportable: O happineſs divine! ſource of concordant minds! who but could wiſh to enjoy ſuch myſterious bleſſings? who, but would wiſh to glory in theſe golden chains in preference to the idea of celibacy!

Thus having briefly conſidered the pleaſures of a matrimonial life, if wiſely and diſcreetly undertaken: I would now addreſs myſelf to thoſe men who have waded through an ocean of trouble, and have witneſſed upwards of one hundred revolving ſeaſons; to thoſe whom the ravages of old Time has robbed of every external charm, which has a tendency to inſpire youthful hearts replete with amorous fire, with ſenſations of extatic love; to thoſe whoſe ſilver locks and wrinkled faces inevitably ſpeak the number of their days; whoſe trembling hands and tottering joints refuſe to perform their reſpective functions; and whoſe tempers are ſoured with one hundred years of perplexity, and the weakneſs and inactivity of a worn down conſtitution; to theſe I ſay, I would addreſs myſelf; and recommend to them, inſtead of a young wife, the peruſal of ſacred writ, a ſerious reflection on paſt times; and a hearty deſire of preparing for another world as the only object of their purſuit: I would have them arouſe from their ſtate of lethargy and infatuation; open their eyes and behold grim death at their elbow, juſt going to give the fatal blow, and a gaping grave ready to receive their ſuperannuated bones:—Such thoughts as theſe, methinks, ſhould unfit them for cultivating the idea of a matrimonial voyage at their life, when they cannot be ignorant of their inability to perform it.

Can men of this deſcription expect to find happineſs in wedlock? Can theſe grey-bearded dotards, frozen with age, enjoy the amorous fire, and vivacity of ardent and paſſionate youth? Is it poſſible, is it conſonant to nature and reaſon to ſuppoſe, that the ideas of antiquity, and mature experience, can be reconciled to the extravagant and erroneous notions of youth and inexperience? Impoſſible! it cannot be! Fire and water in conjunction, hiſs, and beſpeak their union diſagreeable; black and white, when mixed, make but a very imperfect colour; and will not oppoſite tempers and diſpoſitions when united, produce ſimilar effects? Moſt certainly they will, and in ſuch a ſituation to expect that permanent felicity which ſhould be the concomitant of the conjugal ſtate, would be the extravagance and ſuperfluity of folly and madneſs.

" *As well two mountains of Peru might meet,*
And mix their dreſs to make the bondage ſweet,"

From what has been already obſerved, I am pretty well perſuaded, thoſe gentlemen whoſe ſecond infancy has commenced, muſt be aſſured of the impracticability of joining the old frozen trembling hand of December, to the warm vivid bloſſoming hand of May.

I ſhall forbear entering into farther particulars on this head, and addreſs myſelf now to thoſe youthful virgins, whom time hath ſcarcely yet rendered mature; ye who are juſt in the bloſſom of life, be cautious how you ſacrifice affection to the idea of enjoying an old man's fortune; in many inſtances you may find yourſelves deluded, your old dotard may ſurvive half another century: we read in hiſtory, that in the year 1635, one *William Parr* was preſented to the king, who enjoyed a perfect ſtate of health, though one hundred and fifty-two years of age; now if your great grandfather huſband, ſhould be inclined to follow the example of Mr. Parr, you will be in your ſeventieth year or upwards before you become poſſeſſed of his fortune yourſelves: and then the ſame motives which actuated you to marry, may influence ſome young ſpark to make his court to you.

Thus you ſee, my fair ones, how inconſiſtent it is to form ſo improper an alliance; and how liable you are to be deceived; beſides in ſo doing you will very juſtly draw upon yourſelves the whole artillery of cenſure: common ſenſe cannot be deceived in a matter ſo palpable; every perſon will readily divine the real cauſe of ſuch an incompatible union; and will not fail to aſſert their ſentiments pretty freely: in ſhort you will become the converſation of every fool, and the deriſion of every wiſe and prudent perſon.

To conclude. Ye old venerable fathers, pray to God to guard your aged hearts, and render them invulnerable by the arrows of infatuated love and ſtupid dotage; ſupplicate the deity to remove that dark miſt which obſcures your underſtanding, and leaves you obnoxious to the arts and wiles of mercenary females: addreſs the omnipotent to ſhorten the number of your days, and lay down your feeble frame in peace and quietneſs; ſo ſhall you eſcape the many mortifications and perplexities which will unavoidably reſult from ſo imprudent an alliance.

Ye youthful damſels whoſe warm hearts and gay deportment expect, and call for a huſband of a ſimilar turn; ſelect out a man whoſe diſpoſition is perfectly agreeable to your own, let there be one heart, one ſoul, and one inclination ſubſiſting between you; let the deſire of the one be the moſt ardent wiſh of the other; and thus, by a happy ſympathy and mutual affection, life will glide ſmoothly on, your days will be crowned with joy and ſatisfaction, and your nights productive of reciprocal delights: do not ſacrifice youth and beauty, and all the ineſtimable bleſſings of a ſincere and generous flame, which is the reſult of an unanimity of ſentiment; to a mean and avaricious principle, for by ſo doing you will plunge yourſelves into miſery, probably miſs the enjoyment you aimed at, and expoſe yourſelves to the contempt and ridicule of a cenſorious world.

—:o:—

SOLILOQUY.

If ever I marry let it be to a man that I can prefer to all the *ſex*, beſides it muſt be a union of *hearts*, not of hands alone, there muſt be but one repoſitory for our griefs or our pleaſure to flow in. I would wiſh to always welcome him with a *ſmile*; let what would ruffle my temper, in his abſence, and neither in word, or deed, go counter to his wiſhes: no ſigh ſhould eſcape his tender boſom, without being returned, by my fond and feeling *heart*. My chief ſtudy ſhould be to ſmoothe his cares, and prove like the balm of Gillead to his wounded mind, while agitated with various paſſions. By this behaviour I ſhould convince him, that I ſighed not for ſplendour, but that a deſert would be agreeable while bleſt with the companion of my love.

—:o:—

Baſhfulneſs is often a cover to merit; like certain precious foſſils, there may be hidden under it gems of the pureſt brilliancy.

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Notwithſtanding the laboured definitions which philoſophers have given us of the inherent beauty of Virtue, we are always inclined to think her handſomeſt, when ſhe condeſcends to ſmile upon ourſelves.

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Envy is not annexed to great talents, while they languiſh in indigence; but it follows them very cloſely, when fortune does them juſtice.

History of Jack Smith.

[*Continued from page* 245.]

The next morning as Smith and the others were at breakfast in the coffee-room, an hackney-coach drew up, and Marmaduke, with an handkerchief to his face, came out;—as the room was filled with company, he desired to speak to Smith in another room; then taking the handkerchief away, he discloſed a very formidable black eye. Smith enquiring the cauſe, he ſaid that his ſervant was from home when he returned, and with the key of his chambers; that he ſought him at the porter houſe, and, finding him much in liquor and very ſaucy, had been tempted to ſtrike him with his cane. The blow had been returned with intereſt; and not only ſo, but he had been ſummoned before a magiſtrate, this morning, for ſtriking his ſervant, and wiſhed Smith and Wiffle to accompany him. Smith and Wiffle readily agreed. "I am not at all afraid,' added Marmaduke, "of the iſſue; for the fellow, I know, has not got a ſixpence." Smith only anſwered him with a ſmile, and they ſoon arrived at Bow-ſtreet. Two hackney coachmen were ready to ſwear to the aſſault, and beſides, alledged that Marmaduke Pendragon had attempted to draw a knife, which, but for their interference, had certainly taken place, and dreadful conſequences might have happened. The black eye which our ſtudent of law exhibited, they ſwore Mr. Marmaduke had given to himſelf, by ruſhing againſt the door. Poor Pendragon confeſſed that the men had interfered, but poſitively denied any idea of a knife, and declared he had received a violent blow from his man, whom he owned he had lightly ſtruck with a ſmall cane. This was ſufficient for the magiſtrate, who told him, he doubted not his ſtory might be true; but as he had no evidence, and two appeared againſt him, he ſhould be obliged to commit him to priſon unleſs he produced proper bail. Smith and Wiffle offered, but were refuſed, not being houſekeepers. Marmaduke, therefore, remained in cuſtody, while Smith went for two of the family tradeſmen, who came and bailed him. The magiſtrate civilly wiſhed to ſettle the buſineſs without bringing it into court, but the fellows, who had agreed to ſhare the ſpoil, had before determined upon their plan. An attorney had taken up the buſineſs, and introduced them to an eminent counſel. They ſtated to him the caſe, and he willingly undertook it on the terms of receiving, with the attorney, one moiety of the damages.

Thus, for the preſent, reſted the buſineſs, and Marmaduke had leiſure to reflect, that a matter could not ſtrike his ſervant without his being able to get a chance of revenge, even if he had not a ſixpence in his pocket. What the end would be was not yet known: Mr. Marmaduke Pendragon, according to his notion of the Engliſh laws, looked out for a cunning attorney; determined, in his own caſe, not to overlook the advantage of being a greater man than his adverſary. The attorney gave him every hope of ſucceſs, and two able counſellors were immediately engaged. "Damn it," ſaid young Pendragon, "I did not think the fellow could do ſo much. This curſed buſineſs I dare ſay, will coſt me 50l. but as for the fellow he will be ruined, that's poz."

Now at the porter houſe, where the affray began, was a very pretty girl, to whom, it was ſuppoſed, both maſter and man paid their devoirs.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Bid Vice and Folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turn Dutcheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drag the vile whiſperer from his dark abode.

POPE.

Lothario on that ſtock which Nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' March yet lives.

CHURCHILL.

WHILE Smith remained in town, Marmaduke was with him moſt days. He prevailed on our hero and Wiffle to go with him to a debating ſociety. Symms was otherwiſe engaged. The ſubject of debate was, 'Which has moſt injured ſociety, Infidelity or Enthuſiaſm.' The defenders of Infidelity carried every thing before them; they had nine-tenths of the company on their ſide to condemn Enthuſiaſm; Marmaduke and a large tribe, like himſelf, repeatedly joined in a horſe laugh, at the artful and violent invectives with which poor Religion was treated on account of her baſtard brother. Her defenders, the opponents of Infidelity, on the contrary, could meet with very little attention, and the freedom of debate was never more abuſed than by theſe eager ſupporters of it. Thrice did Wiffle riſe in defence of the good old dame, and thrice did our hero pluck him back by the coat. Smith, who well knew all his arguments would be thrown away, was afraid leſt the looſe wit of Wiffle ſhould be the occaſion of inſults from any of the offended orators, and he happily reſtrained the impetuous punſter.

As they returned home, ſome of the haranguers were aſked by Marmaduke to ſupper; Smith and Wiffle had before promiſed him their company. The ſubject of converſation among the ſelf-illuminated at Mr. Marmaduke's, ſoon turned upon the ſuperior knowledge of the preſent day, which concenters in itſelf the wiſdom of every foregoing æra, and which proves and exemplifies the theories of the ancients. 'Happy! thrice happy!' cried one of the orators, 'are we modern philoſophers to have been born in an *age of reaſon*, when a wonderful perſpicuity, & even mathematical certainty, pervades all the ranks of literature, and expands every art and ſcience.' 'Since I have the honour to be in the company of ſuch an enlightened ſet of philoſophers,' ſaid our hero, 'I may conclude, Gentlemen, that you can elucidate a ſubject which has lately created many doubts and many diſputes among the literati, and many bets and many dinners among the literati.' The philoſophers were all attention Our hero proceeded. * 'When does the 19th century begin?' Every one of theſe men of univerſal knowledge contemptuouſly ſneered at the very queſtion. Ridiculous!' replied a maſter of ſubtil propoſitions, 'there is no matter for doubt. Aſſuredly when the 18th has ended.' 'I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir,' ſaid Smith, ſmiling, "this I *did* know before. But when does the 18th end?' 'At that very moment of time, replied the man of wiſdom, with the profoundeſt gravity, 'when this terreſtial globe, turned on its axis, forms with its diameter drawn from any individual and the ſolar luminary a ſtraight line; the inſtant this line ſwerves from its ſtraightneſs, what is commonly called, the ſun has paſſed its

* *This is no imaginary ſubject of diſpute. Wiſe men from the Palace to the Change, from the Members C. Hall to the Members of P. Ariſtocrats and Democrats, Courtiers and Citizens, Soldiers, Lawyers, Phyſicians, and Divines, all of the very firſt eminence in their ſeveral ſtations and profeſſions,* could be named, *who have taken up the gauntlet of controverſy concerning the end of the 18th century.*

under, or philoſophically ſpeaking, the nader has paſſed the central ſolar beam, the new year commences to that individual.' 'Your learned and comprehenſive explanation,' continued Smith, 'is doubtleſs, Sir, very edifying; but, at the end of what year does this fraction of the ſtraight line, diametrically drawn from you to the ſun, begin your next century?'

'Aſſuredly when the year 1799 is completed.'

'My dear friend,' exclaimed another philoſopher, 'You certainly mean the year 1800.'

'Sir, I mean what I have ſaid, 1799. I, who have written four large volumes on——"

'If you had written four thouſand,' exclaimed a third, 'you could never make me believe——'

'Pſhaw!' cried a fourth, 'when 1799 years paſſed by, we finiſhed the 18th century.

Damnation! what the Devil do you mean, can 1799 years make——?'

The other calmly proceeded, regardleſs of the fury of his opponent. When I come to 1800, is it not ſufficient? This I do at the end of the year 1799. Citizens, can any thing be more clear.

'Certainly not' replied the firſt, willing to cloſe it with a ſimile. 'If I travel, the moment I arrive at the hundredth mile ſtone, I have been an hundred miles.' 'By my ſoul!' bawled the man of violence, 'you'll make me mad. I ſay it is contrary to reaſon, ſenſe, learning, philoſophy, that 1799 can make 1800.' 'My dear Rapid,' ſaid the firſt, 'hear me explain it to you.' 'Damn explanation,' vociferated the other, once known by the name of Blaſt Rapid, Eſq. now Citizen Rapid, 'I ſwear by all that's——'

'My dear friends!' exclaimed young Pendragon 'my dear friends!' trying to aſſuage the tumult, while Wiffle and Smith enjoyed and fomented the ſtorm. The arts and ſciences were never more completely at croſs-purpoſes; and the laſt of the whole ſet, *The ſcientific reſearches of pugiliſm*, had certainly concluded the argument, but for the inſpiring powers which gratified their olfactory nerves from Mr. Marmaduke's ſupper, that luckily at this period made its apperance. Not Neptune himſelf in a ſtorm, nor a favourite orator in a crowd, could have been more ſucceſsful; nor an enraged ſchool-boy at the ſight of his maſter, more ſuddenly calmed; nor an hen-pecked huſband at the ſound of his miſtreſs's voice, more engroced by the coming object.

'Sound has given place to the gratification of ſenſe,' ſaid Wiffle, as he helped one of the moſt loquacious to the wing of a boiled fowl and oyſter ſauce. A *not* from the hungry orator realized the remark.

It is a received aphoriſm that nothing will more conduce to allay the *iraſcible* appetites; than the means of gratifying the *carnivorous* ones; therefore *hunger* and *valour* are ſynonimous. Had the Engliſh Miniſters, at the commencement of the war with the French Republic, been better philoſophers—had they known this great truth, the affairs on the continent had undoubtedly taken a more favourable turn. The ſubſidizing our allies, was the very worſt method we could have adopted; they ſoon became heavy, dull, cloyed, ſatisfied, and uſeleſs; while the idea of ſtarving our enemies was equally erroneous—it proved the provocative of their wit, the rouſer of their ſpirits, and the grand incentive to their courage. Hunger, we are told, will eat through walls of braſs, much leſs could ſtones & mortar oppoſe it. It is to be hoped then, if foreign ſubſidies are abſolutely neceſſary to the Britiſh politics, that at another time we ſhall have learnt wiſdom, and ſhall beſtow our loans, preſents, and other ſuperfluities on the enemy; as we are well aſſured they cannot be diſtributed to a worſe purpoſe than they were in the laſt inſtance. Let the caſe before us ſuffice to prove it, inſtead of a volume on the ſubject.

When the animal economy had been fully repleniſhed by a liberal proportion of the moiſt as well as dry nutriment, Mr. M. Pendragon, with that vacuity of thought which characterized the hopeful young man, exclaimed to a gentleman, who in debating ſociety, whilſt he calumniated enthuſiaſm with all the ardour of Billingſgate againſt an offending *petit-maitre*, had profeſſed himſelf an enlightened philoſopher, 'My dear Mr. Puzzlebrain' ſaid young Pendragon, in his ſimple way, 'don't you then really believe that there is a Heaven or a Hell.' 'Reaſon, reflection, knowledge, all teach me,' replied the orator, 'that when I once ceaſe to be, I cannot again exiſt.' 'And pray, Sir.' ſaid Wiffle, now no longer to be reſtrained, 'what teaches your horſe? for I conceive he had no more idea of the future exiſtence than his maſter.' 'So.' retorted another of the declaimers, *you* abſolutely believe in the ſtale ſtory of another world. Pray, good Sir, what do you ſee in *my* appearance more *eternal* than in any other of the living creatures of this earth?' 'God forbid, Sir,' replied Wiffle, 'that I ſhould judge all mankind from you. Indeed, if I took *you* for a ſpecimen, I ſhould doubt a little.' 'I ſuppoſe,' ſaid a third, ſhaking his head with a ſneer, 'the gentleman feels a certain deficiency at preſent, & lives in hope that he ſhall be better hereafter; he humbly truſts that the vapour of his wit will be metamorphoſed into the ſolidity of wiſdom.' 'But you,' anſwered Wiffle, 'perhaps are not conſcious of your deficiency, for, I have heard, it's a trait of folly to be ignorant of its wants.' 'It is the voice of intereſt, not the voice of reaſon,' ſaid the firſt orator, returning to the attack, 'that makes you fancy there is another world, and pride flatters you with the hope, that your deſerts ſhall be rewarded.' 'While, Sir,' replied their general opponent, 'you who are all modeſty and candour, by the ſame argument, find that is your intereſt there ſhould be none, and, with due diffidence and humility, are conſcious you do not deſerve it.' '*Primus in orbe Deus fecit timor*,' vociferated a new antagoniſt, 'Fear firſt made Gods, and cowards are its worſhipers.' 'It is much more probable,' ſaid our hero, taking up the argument, 'that fear firſt endeavoured to reaſon itſelf into the belief that there were none.'

'The wiſdom of a Voltaire has already elucidated the baſe and cowardly nature of ſuperſtition,' retorted the man of learning. 'The courage of his infidelity,' ſaid Smith, I know he ſhewed by his patience under the diſcipline of the Pruſſian officers cane, but whether your idol's wiſdom, Sir, is in the ſophiſtrg of his argumentative, the falſhood of his hiſtorical, or the blunders of his philoſophical works, I have yet to learn. The abilities of a Voltaire, Sir, replied the other, were not to be confined to forms and trifles. Nor facts, nor truths, Sir, continued Smith, but is it by reaſon, reflection, or knowledge that the libertine, the debauchee and the criminal, join the cry of the ſelf made philoſopher, and ſay there are no gods to reward or puniſh. Did reaſon, reflection and knowledge ſo teach the learned ſages of antiquity? Are the deep reſearches, the perſevering enquiries of a Newton and a Locke, to yield to the inſpired learning of every declaimer who tells you, himſelf, that he is a clever fellow? Do you mean us, Sir? ſaid the whole tribe at once. According as you feel it, gentlemen, replied our hero. Let me tell you, Sir, ſaid one of the moſt violent, credulity is no

ſign of wiſdom. I love the plain truth, and while I have life, will do my beſt to detect enthuſiaſm and error. By the ſame principle, I conclude, ſaid Wiffle, as the thief catcher detects the thief. All pretended ſupernatural occurrences, Sir, ſaid Smith, giving Wiffle a look to be ſilent, would you not willingly expoſe? Yes, ſaid the orator. Yes, re echoed the whole gang. Then, gentlemen, continued Smith, I put you to the teſt; and taking a paper from his pocket, he read the famous advertiſement of a well known fortune teller. Do any of you believe the lady? They naturally anſwered in the negative. A large ſtrain of invectives were now poured forth againſt the bold aſtrologiſt; when it had ſubſided, Smith calmly continued —Now, gentlemen, which of you are inclined to make the trial of this impoſtor? No one offered himſelf a volunteer in the taſk. One of the company at laſt ſaid, Why don't you detect her yourſelf?

"I have never boaſted myſelf a diſbeliever of ſupernatural occurrences, and though I have no faith in the wonderful ſtories told of this lady, which you, gentlemen, muſt have heard, it will give me no manner of concern if ſhe indeed has the knowledge ſhe profeſſes; but I think the man, who propagates opinions againſt the exiſtence of a ſuperior governance, ſhould firſt ſhow his wiſdom by detecting a very glaring inſtance of the loweſt kind, that in the moſt public manner invites him, as it were, to the teſt." "Let us all go together, and viſit this lady," ſaid Marmaduke. "That is not to be done," replied Smith, "ſhe receives but one at a time, to whom ſhe recapitulates ſome of the occurrences of her former life, as a proof of her knowledge; and then foretels whatever remarkable is to follow, if the perſon wiſhes it, even to their death. Now, gentlemen," continued our hero, as you are the champions of incredulity, here is an antagoniſt that bids you defiance. After all your profeſſions you ſhrink from the combat. One woman boldly profeſſes the art of foretelling events by a ſupernatural knowledge of the influences of the ſtarry bodies; ſhe reigns alone ſucceſsful and triumphant: while a whole body of would-be philoſophers aſſemble in crowds, abuſe every thing ſacred and divine, compliment and praiſe the wiſdom of one another, yet are unable to confute and detect the arts of a ſingle, friendleſs female opponent. Our hero not wiſhing to have any further altercation with theſe inveſtigators of truth, took his leave of the company, and with his friend Wiffle proceeded to his lodgings.

A few days after, Marmaduke, who was fond of ſhowing his conſequence, offered to introduce our hero to one of the moſt faſhionable pharo tables. Smith told him it was a game he had never played at, or wiſhed to play.—The other anſwered, that made no difference, but that he would introduce him to the houſe (if Smith choſe) where he was perfectly at liberty to play or not, as he thought proper. When I have once introduced you to the miſtreſs of the houſe, who, by the bye, is not only a very intimate acquaintance of mine, but a very near relation—you will be quite at home. The card rooms will be all open to you, to look on or play; no notice is taken by any one; your name will be down in Mrs. Leurry's book liſt, with the perſon's by whom you are introduced; and a very elegant ſupper will be at your ſervice at one o'clock. The ſupper is always provided by the man who ſuperintends the pharo bank, for the expreſs purpoſe of Mrs. Leurry's friends, whether players or not. He makes this compliment to the lady, and pays all the expences of the evening for the uſe of her houſe and name; and they tell me, ſometimes a handſome preſent beſides.

A ſcene of this kind was totally new to Smith; his curioſity induced him to gratify it, but he doubted the truth of Marmaduke's ſtatement. Wiffle aſſuring him the lady was really a relation, and that Marmaduke occaſionally went there, our hero no longer demurred.

The novelty of this entertainment could not fail to gain his attention, and he made the common place remarks to himſelf, natural to a ſtranger. Though he had already indulged in ſo many habits of diſſipation, yet he ſaw at once the immorality and even wickedneſs of this.—How keen is our ſight when cuſtom has not dulled the edge of it. Is it poſſible, ſaid our hero to himſelf, that my country is ſo depraved, that a woman who can proſtitute her name, and ſell her family and connections to a ſet of wretches of this kind, is ſtill countenanced by the community in general, the people of faſhion and family in particular? Marmaduke ſoon ſat down to the pharo table; Smith did not attempt to play; but after ſupper, as he was looking on and trying to learn the peculiarities of the game, a gentleman who alſo ſtood by (for there were many) aſked him if he would play a few games at piquet.—Smith, who knew the common games upon the cards very well, did not like to refuſe, and they ſat down together to play for half guineas. They played about an hour, and Smith loſt two guineas. The ſtranger ſoon after went away. Marmaduke left the pharo table when he perceived the piquet party was over, and to Smith's enquiries concerning his antagoniſt, informed him he was Lord Carmine:—Smith knew that Lord Carmine was one of the moſt daſhing men of the day, that he had the firſt horſes on the turf, and run his matches and gamed for immenſe ſums of money. He was, therefore, rather ſurpriſed, that his lordſhip had condeſcended to play for ſo trifling a ſum.

Lord Carmine, unlike the general run of young noblemen, ventured upon the turf. From his firſt commencement, he had never been made a dupe of, and as my friend Patrick O'Neale told me, was a veteran when he firſt began. The parts of his education which were moſt attended to, were a proper and clear knowledge of the different faſhionable games, the various deceits and impoſitions which are commonly practiced upon the cards by deſigning and profeſſed gameſters, and a perfect familiarity with the cards and chances of the games. In the pedigree of horſes, his lordſhip was much better verſed than in his own; in the tricks of jockies, ſtable boys and the owners themſelves, he had been thoroughly inſtructed; and ſo able had been his maſters, ſo willing and ready to learn had been the pupil, that when he daſhed forth in the great theatre of diſſipation and gaming, with an unincumbered fortune of thirty thouſand a year, he had proved too deep, too well inſtructed for them all. The ſly old practitioners and needy adventurers, had more than once attempted to entangle him in their toils; like a Samſon he ſnapped them aſunder, and left them the victims of their wiles. I will mention one inſtance, though nothing to my hiſtory that will ſhow his lordſhips thorough acquaintance in the deep arts and myſteries of theſe modern Greeks.

His Lordſhip had an excellent young filly to run at Newmarket, which was the favourite. In the betting room his Lordſhip offered ten to ſeven upon the race. 'I'll take you in a thouſand,' ſaid a ſly old rook, whoſe experience, art, and cunning, was ſuppoſed to be the very firſt. His Lordſhip wondered at the boldneſs of the offer, but inſtantly cloſed with it, and ſoon after left the room. The race was to be on the morrow, and it was now late in the evening. Lord Carmine went directly to the ſtable where the filly was kept; the groom was in the act of going in, when

his Lordſhip, taking the key and lantern, ordered him to go to the hotel, and ſend his own gentleman. 'Mr. Donaldſon,' ſaid Lord Carmine, 'you will ſleep in the ſtable with me to night; I think you and I can make a very good groom and ſtable boy for one evening.' In ſhort, his Lordſhip and his head ſervant were the only perſons that approached the filly till ſhe came upon the race courſe. They prepared her for the match, and Mr. Donaldſon led her to the ſtarting poſt. As the jockey was about to be weighed, Lord Carmine came forward and ſaid, 'I ſhall ride her myſelf, give me a cap,' and ſtriping off his coat, ſtepped into the ſcales. He knew his own weight to an ounce, and was but a trifle heavier than the jockey. His Lordſhip rode remarkably well, and exerted himſelf uncommonly on this occaſion, the conſequence of which was, he won the race. It is impoſſible fully to deſcribe the confuſion of the knowing black legs, who thus loſt vaſt ſums. The old fellow, who thought himſelf ſure of winning, was completely ruined. The jockey, whom Lord Carmine chiefly ſuſpected, a few weeks after confeſſed the whole; he had been offered one thouſand guineas to loſe the race, and had intended to give the horſe improper food in the ſtable, or, if no opportunity offered, to blow him in running. The veteran of iniquity, who had bribed the jockey, and betted with Lord Carmine, never afterwards was permitted to appear, and a great many of the fraternity, who depended upon his ſkill, forſook the turf, ſignalized themſelves on the road, and became the heroes of Newgate Calender much ſooner than their lot had otherwiſe deſtined them.

CHAPTER XXX.

Be it my fate, ſo heaven in bounty pleaſe,
Still to be poor of bleſſings ſuch as theſe.

HORACE, Sat. 1.

MR. Marmaduke Pendragon had a very particular friend, who, as well as himſelf, was a genius of no common caſt. Theſe young men were, in one reſpect, like Alexander the Great, neither of them could well have borne an equal, it was, therefore, the diſſimilarity of their taſte, manners, and perſons, that cemented their friendſhip. Mr. Lepauper, was the conſtant ſighing ſwain, making an offer to every other woman he met; fond of all great people (where the title and fortune made the greatneſs); and a regular attendance at every levee, where he could get admittance. In his perſon, thin and meagre, ſo directly the reverſe of Marmaduke, that two better foils to one another cannot be conceived. Family pride, Marmaduke, who was of good family, had none; Lepauper, who knew not the chriſtian or even ſirname of his great grandfather, idolized it, and heraldry was his only ſtudy. He alſo had been placed with an attorney, but his pride in vain attempted to make a barriſter of him. His grandfather had taken the name of Pauper from being brought up in the workhouſe. At a very early age he was employed by a great clothier in the pariſh' and ſtep by ſtep roſe to be in buſineſs for himſelf. With a clear head he ſoon made his way in the world; he amaſſed a conſiderable property, and at the age of fifty retired to a fine eſtate he had bought ſome years before. So great was the grandfather's hatred of the name of family, that he gloried in being called Pauper, and abſolutely diſinherited his eldeſt ſon (the father of the young man I am mentioning) for marrying a woman of one of the firſt families in the kingdom. After the old man's death the ſecond ſon inherited the eſtate, which, from many additions, was become of conſiderable value. The ſon had gained the favour of the father, by affecting the ſame turn of mind, by living with him always in the country, and frequently remarking, that "the nobility were the drones of ſociety." But on his father's demiſe, a great change took place; he no longer concealed his ſentiments, and an opportunity offering of making a good bargain, he purchaſed a Baronetcy, and by a trifling change became Sir James Lepauper. This uncle was unmarried, and to his title and eſtates his nephew's ambition was directed. Proud of the expected Baronetcy, in defiance of the common hiſtory of the family, which was known to all the neighbourhood, and which the old man gloried in telling, he flattered himſelf greatly in his mother's alliance, and conſidered himſelf as equal to the firſt families in the county. The conſequence of this may be eaſily ſuppoſed; he was neglected and deſpiſed by the more reſpectable, and openly laughed at and inſulted by the commonalty.

In abilities, courage, learning and knowledge, the two friends were nearly on a par. Mr. Lepauper, at this time was gone off to Scotland with Lady Amelia O'Brottle, a younger daughter of an Iriſh Earl; and to ſum up all her perfections of mind, perſon, and fortune, in one ſentence, ſhe was nothing but a name.

When Lepauper returned from his matrimonial expedition, his friend Marmaduke determined to give a dinner at the Temple. Smith, Wiffle and Symms, were invited; it was fixed for the day before our hero left London, and they met Mr. Lepauper, with two party friends of Marmaduke's, Meſſrs. Jakes and Snere, and a few young men of the Temple.

Jakes was one of thoſe characters, who, like Lackington, might have ſaid,

'No time did I in education waſte,
'Happily I had an intnitive taſte.'

Born and bred in the loweſt ſtation, the native powers of his mind diſpelled the obſcuring clouds that ſeemed to overwhelm him, and forcing himſelf into notice, he trampled under foot modeſty, diffidence, diſtruſt, doubt and the other checks of genius. He had written plays, pamphlets, novels, and was concerned in many periodical works; was univerſally known; and boaſted that he was a Democrat and Freethinker. Mr. Snere was alike in principle, (or properly want of principle) inferior in abilities, but cunning, ſly and plauſible; he had received a finiſhed education, yet was of that mean deſpicable character, that at ſchool, at college, and in the habits of ſocial life, he had been always avoided by every man of honeſt reſpectability. To get a name of ſome kind, he had ſet up for a friend of the people's: happily for the people all their friends are not like him.

Our hero, who knew them both by ſight and by reputation, looked very hard at Marmaduke, who, underſtanding his meaning, turned his head aſide. Smith pauſed as he entered the room, and had half a mind to have left it, but his general habit of civility prevailed, and he determined neither to enter into political or religious ſubjects. Dinner was ſoon ſerved up, and ſoon over; few words had paſſed from any of the parties. An Engliſhman, at his introduction among ſtrangers, generally conſiders them with a ſuſpicious eye, but, if he knows that their principles are totally different from his own, he ſeems apprehenſive of an attack every moment. Lepauper was full of his own conſequence, and thought no one of the company worthy his regard beſides Symms, whoſe independent fortune, and

valuable boroughs he had heard of. He talked a little to him in a low voice concerning his great marriage, and expectations; While the other alternately regarded his gait, tone, and manners, as fit objects of future ridicule. Marmaduke had, as yet, given none of his toasts; he was somewhat in awe of our hero, and feared the wit of Wiffle,—But Jakes began for him—'Success to the cause of liberty all over the world.' The company in a bumper shewed their approbation Jakes began a fine rhapsody on liberty, and seemed at once to consider himself as toast master, and gave another—'Freedom to the human mind from the shackles of religion.' Filling his bumper he began a second oration, lamenting that while all other animals of the earth enjoyed this all glorious freedom, man alone was a slave to the thoughts, manners, and appetites of others of his own species. Wiffle, irritated (for he was designed for the church) and seeing an opening for his favourite play upon words, instantly replied, 'These are shackles, sir, I wish not to be without; I have no desire to make an exchange for the mental endowments of any brute, however respectable he may be; I envy not the independent thoughts of that noble animal the wolf; I have no ambition for the easy and free manners of the bear; or have I any longing for a canine appetite. Snere, with a look of contempt at Wiffle for his affectation of wit, was preparing to cut him up most unmercifully, when Smith addressed himself hastily to Pendragon. 'Mr. Marmaduke, I beg we may have no politics or divinity, these subjects will only occasion disputes. Come give us a lady.' Snere contemptuously remarked, that those who have the weaker cause, are generally glad to give up the argument. Smith made no answer; Jakes looked defiance, and grinned; and Marmaduke toasted some noted demirep.

The first clash between the modern Oxonians and Independents, was thus pretty well over. Jakes threw himself back in a chair, as if despising the trifling minds of the company, and Snere addressed himself to his sapient host with, 'Well Mr. Marmaduke, are we to talk of fashions, of dogs, or horses, since these gentlemen wish not the veil of falsehood removed from their eyes.' This was spoken with so supercilious an air, that Symms could not resist an inclination to imitate it. The rest, and even the inanimate Lepauper burst from a stifled laugh. The man of wisdom perceived he was the object of ridicule, and haughtily continued, 'My sacred love of Truth, Sirs, despises the scoffs and taunts of the ignorant; and while I profess myself to be her disciple, I will, if occasion offers, glory in being her martyr.' 'A second Vaneni upon my honour,' said Smith, 'but are you assured, my good Sir, that what you call Truth, the rest of the world will allow to be such?' 'I care not,' replied the philosopher, 'for what is commonly called the rest of the world, I follow reason, learning, knowledge.' 'I see,' said Smith, smiling, 'the cant is the same with you all; you mean your own reason, your own learning, your own knowledge. Mine, I trust, is far different; but since, Sir, you care not for the rest of the world, the rest of the world may perhaps pay you the same compliment, and what you call truth may be in their eyes no other than falsehood. But when you despise the sentiment of others, you should at learn not to intrude your own.' 'Is a man of my years,' least replied Mr Snere, 'to learn from the innate prejudices of youth; this would be, indeed, dancing to a pretty tune.' 'I take your allusion most learned Sir.' said Wiffle, 'that Socrates, when he knew every thing else, learned to dance in his old age; but I perceive you are a great way from Socrates, for you cannot even command your temper, and I shrewdly suspect, if you follow his example, that your dancing days will not soon arrive, and that you will never be able to cut a caper to any tune.'

The Philosopher put on a feigned Smile of contempt, and deigned not to reply. Marmaduke, at no time very wise, now clearly saw his error in bringing such different characters together. His intention had been, by the eloquence of his party friends, to astonish and confute his Oxford ones; as they, who have been amazed at the tricks of a conjurer, fancy others have the same taste as themselves.

A long silence ensued, which Mr. Lepauper broke by some foolish question to Marmaduke, concerning the pedigree of his family; then veered round to his late noble connections, and ended with a dull formal panegyric on hereditary honours. Jakes could not remain silent when such a subject was started. 'Honours, titles, and distinctions, are but baubles at the best,' said he, 'but, when they are handed down to succeeding generations, they are like an old taudry suit of clothes which, though they have fitted the first possessor, hang but loosely on his successors; and, as a Merry Andrew in his patched jacket, so the wearer becomes, to every man of sense, an object of ridicule and contempt.' 'The man,' replied our hero, 'who rises by his own virtues, is undoubtedly superior to him who only borrows from his forefathers; yet the honours that are derived from our ancestors, are surely to be respected and commended, as the continuation of our esteem for the original. If we reward a person with a sum of money, the property goes on to his posterity—why then should not honours also be hereditary? Does any man benefit us, our gratidute and good-will we continue to his family: has he been a kind friend or relation, are not our affections, for his sake, placed upon his offspring, and when the community think proper to confer titles and honours of any kind, why should our good will perish with the possessor, and be torn from his posterity? Besides, the favour is increased by the continuation of it to those most beloved, most dearly allied to him. 'Ties of blood,' replied Snere, 'are only the weak links of the old chain of oppression, which makes one person dependant on another: so the Tyrant is called Father of his people! the French have happily seen the fallacy of these distinctions, and the weak fetters have perished with the greater ones.' Slow and contemptuously the philosopher spake; Wiffle saw an opening, and thus replied. 'Pardon me, Sir, you are not correct. Though the French may have no ties of blood, they have *bloody ties* in abundance, and though the regular chain of parental dependance may be destroyed, they have forged a much more galling one in its place, with no weak links indeed, but nevertheless of the *relative* king, I mean that griping chain of *Fraternization*.' 'My arguments, Sir,' said the indignant Democrat, 'soar high above the shafts of your pertness,' 'In truth,' said Wiffle, 'they are very light.' The grapes,' cried the disputant, with a note of exultation, 'which the fox cannot reach, he can easily call sour.' 'The arrows of my folly,' replied Wiffle, will reach, I believe, to your owl.'—'And every magpy,' added Jakes, laughing at his own retort, 'can screak at the eagle, though few can fly along with him.' 'Birds of any note,' continued Wiffle, 'though screach-owls and such like, who cannot bear the light, often fly in pairs.' 'Your knowledge of natural history,' answered Snere, contemptuously, 'I may venture to say, is not very great.' 'While your's, on the contrary,' said Wiffle, who, like poor Crambe, was unable to resist the temptation, 'seems to have enough of the natural for us all.'

[To be continued.] 256

GRIEF.

A Pastoral Elegy.

YE lambkins that wantonly play,
Go bleating, unfed to the fold;
You ſhall crop the ſweet verdure of *May*,
When *Corydon's* boſom is cold.

Where yonder ſad branches of yew,
Extend o'er the church way their ſhade,
Yet weeping with faſt falling dew,
The aſhes of *Laura* are laid.

Ye ſhepherds who hear me complain,
And blame me in grief that I pine;
Which of you can point out a ſwain,
Whoſe ſorrows are equal to mine?

My *Laura* was blythe as the *May*,
She was gentle, and ſoft as the dove;
She was innocent tender and gay,
And *fair as the mother of Love.*

On her cheek glow'd the roſes of youth;
Yet they withered alas! in their bloom:
Her breaſt was the manſion of truth;
Yet now ſhe lies dead in the tomb.

Sweet myrtles with woodbines I twine,
An offering for *Laura* to bring;
The roſe and the lilly I join,
The innocent children of ſpring.

The garland I wove for her head,
Where every choice flow'ret appears,
Muſt now on her grave ſtone be ſpread,
And watered with *Corydon's* tears.

Ye ghoſts that at midnight are ſeen,
To glide by the meteor's pale light;
Ye fairies and elves of the green,
Ye goblins and ſpectres of night.

Deſpairing while thus I complain,
Be you my companions alone!
Ah! why am not I of your train,
Since my joys are departed and gone?

Yes; beneath the ſad branches of yew,
I ſoon with my *Laura* ſhall reſt;
Then my grave ſhall be moiſten'd with dew,
And the turf ſhall ſit light on my breaſt.

Give *Alexis* my pipe and my crook;
For to him alone they ſhould belong
Who can ſit all the the day o'er the brook,
And rehearſe his lov'd *Corydon's* ſong.

His care on the yew tree ſhall mark
The lay which my fate ſhall rehearſe,
And, in pity, the ſoft yielding bark
Shall weep as he 'graves the ſad verſe.

Here *Corydon*, pride of the grove,
In one tomb with his *Laura* is laid:
In his death he was join'd to his love;
Oh! pay a ſad tear to his ſhade!

His flocks from their paſtures at night,
Alexis ſhall drive to the fold;
He ſhall tend them with care and delight,
Now *Corydon's* boſom is cold.

—:⊙:—

THE CONFESSION.

BLITHE *Colin*, a pretty young ſwain,
To court me walks many a mile;
I bid him return back,
Though I wiſh him to ſtay a great while.

With all by which love is expreſs'd,
He ſtudies my heart to beguile;
I wiſh him ſucceſs, I proteſt;
Though I tell him he'll wait a great while.

He brought me a noſegay ſo ſweet,
And thought it more pleaſure than toil,
I took it reſerved and diſcreet,
But I let him not wait a great while.

He begged me to grant him a kiſs,
So earneſt he made me to ſmile;
Have done, I cried fie! 'tis amiſs,
Though I wiſhed it to laſt a great while.

He tells me I ought to be kind,
That time all my beauties will ſpoil,
I croſs him, though quite of his mind,
For I love he ſhould talk a great while.

I fancy, by what he has ſaid,
My huſband he'll be by his ſtile.
And when he once aſks me to wed,
Oh! I'll not live a maid *a great while.*

—:⊙:—

Answer to the Charade in the Magazine of the 25th ult. by a young lady.

The conſonant's B. you wiſh to conceal,
EAU's the triphthong and Beau *does reveal.*

—:⊙:—

PUZZLING CAP.

'tWa ſi Nda rKa nDr A I nYw Eat Her
Reh tEg O 'tDe I teR ewd I am dN aN aMS ihT
nO nEb Uttha TGO dWh Or Ul E ſl hEt hu NdeR
rEd nUs aDl oCs dNa Eu gOr ſ I httU pn Ac

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